

Good Morning 127

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Would you like to LIVE IN A BLUE SERGE HOUSE

Asks Ronald Garth

P.O. MELVILLE FOWLER—
Here's a grand pair of people to talk to you

WHITE-HAIRED Mrs. Fowler, of 14, Gwerne-Avenue, Senghenydd, has just returned from Winchester, where she visited her 94-years-old mother.

"Please tell my son that 'Gran' is a lot better."

"And don't forget about Grace being engaged to Fred," her husband reminded her.

Mr. Fowler is a survivor of the pit disaster at Senghenydd, in 1913, when several hundred men lost their lives.

They're both proud of you, P.O. Fowler—and we hope you're proud of them! They're one of the grandest couples we ever met. It does you good to look at them!

SOLLY KANTER knew a length of blue serge when he saw it. Not content with wearing the material himself and persuading his wife to wear costumes he had personally tailored, his servants and staff had to be dressed in blue serge.

When he first opened his famous blue serge shop in Chicago he was just another tailor, (one of thousands, trying to make a living in the city. Early in life Solly learned that if you wanted to be successful you had to specialise, so he specialised in blue serge! One day, an old client brought his wife along to be measured for a blue serge costume. "I always like blue serge," the lady confessed, "it's good for almost any occasion..."

That set Solly thinking. He rushed out to look at the latest fashion magazines from Paris. He had a brain-wave—blue serge evening gowns! It was the year of the Eton crop.

Mannish hair styles were the vogue for women, and mannish dinner suits. Why shouldn't they have dresses cut from a mannish cloth? All over America spread the rage for eccentric gowns in this strange material. It set Solly securely on the blue serge map.

He began to make his own serge. He served the cult of modern furnishing by inventing blue serge mats. But eventually he went blue serge balmy! Tearing down his shop-front, he caused it to be remodelled in blue serge, safeguarded behind sheets of glass. The tiles in the doorway were of glass built around blue serge.

As customers entered they wiped their feet on the door-mat of serge clippings and walked on a blue serge carpet.

And when a lady's in the case, You know all other things give place.
Alexander Pope
(1688-1744)

Is this the Queerest Sea of all

By MARCUS DELINGER

YOU submariners, have you counted the number of queer seas we have in the world—the Red Sea, the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Yellow Sea, and so on? Under-water craft can sail—and have sailed—in all of them.

I remember a discussion in a pub, among submarine men, as to whether it is possible to sail such craft in the Sargasso Sea, the queerest sea in the world.

Columbus first saw it 450 years ago. His crew observed the tremendous amount of seaweed floating about. There have been all sorts of stories about this strange sea, and at least one book was written some time ago—it was fiction—about the "sea of derelict ships." All the ships had been stranded in the weed and couldn't get out—in the book.

SEA OF ROMANCE.

Well, I have sailed the Sargasso Sea, and know something about it. You will find it, roughly, lying straggled at Lat. 30 to 20 and Long. 50 to 70, which means that it is encountered east of the Bahamas, south of Bermuda; and the Tropic of Cancer passes through its lower section. And there is plenty of weed.

Usually it is deep cobalt in colour, with long stretches of weed-floes lying in the wind direction, golden-brown weed, and olive, too.

I have spoken to old seamen who believed that there are "ghost ships" floating about yet, ships that got fixed there when the Spanish galleons ran into the weed on their road home with the gold and silver of the Indies, and never got out of the weed.

AND NOW THE TRUTH.

In truth it is not so bad as all that. Recent scientific investi-

gation of this queer sea has brought to light some remarkable facts about it. The weed, for instance, does not lie deeper than a few feet.

But how does the weed get there and stay there? Well, the Sargasso Sea is really a big eddy which is formed by sea currents. These currents move in a circular way, and when the weed gets into the movement it stays there and doesn't get out.

Moreover, the Sargasso breeds weed, as it were. The water is warm, and here comes the explanation of the mystery of the eels.

The only explanation that marine knowledge can give of the fact that eels migrate to the Sargasso is that they spawn deep in the warm water. The spawning takes place maybe 100 fathoms deep.

We now know that the circling movement of this sea is constant, and somewhat slow. It took over three years for special bottles cast overboard to return to the position, more or less, from which they were started.

THE HORSE LATITUDES.

It was the Sargasso Sea that gave rise to the seamen's phrase of "horse latitudes." The reason for that was that in the early days horses were shipped to America, and often the ships got becalmed in the Sargasso, and horses died in such numbers that their bodies had to be thrown overboard. And their carcasses started floating in a circular movement in the weed.

I know that when I was in a full-rigged ship floating in the Sargasso Sea, one forgot the date, even the month of the year. And if we had continued we would have forgotten the year, too. It is that kind of sea.

"WUFF! WUFF! where's A.B. Herbert Hall?"

"BRUCE," devoted companion of A.B. Herbert Hall, has learned to recognise a sailor's uniform.

"Whenever I take him out for a walk," Mrs. Joan Hall told "Good Morning," "I have to keep a tight hold of him if we ever meet a sailor. 'Bruce' always seems to think it is Bert coming on leave."

"Bruce" and his master are devoted to each other—we hear A.B. Hall always wants to have a photograph of his pal on a submarine! Mrs. Hall couldn't manage that, so asked "Good Morning" to take this one of him to send to A.B. Hall as a belated birthday present from her. She's just nineteen.

"Tell my husband," Mrs. Hall said, "that I am teaching 'Bruce' some tricks and I'm also trying to make him some sweets from a recipe I had given to me. If they are a success I will send some to him."

"Also let him know that I am studying the piano, and hope to be able to give him a musical evening when next we meet. Bert is very anxious for me to get a gramophone record of 'Routine.' I have not been successful yet, but I am still trying."



NEWS AND SNIPPETS FROM EVERYWHERE

TREADING ON CORNISH CORNS!

WHEN Methodists at Pool, Cornwall, held a procession in honour of the bi-centenary of the first visit to Cornwall of Charles Wesley, the Rev. W. H. Brackenbury headed it on horseback—the way Wesley travelled.

Reference was made by Mr. T. R. Harris, of Camborne, to the Cornish people of 1743 as "coarse, brutal and uncultivated, with cock-fighting, bull-baiting, wrestling and hurling as their favourite sports."

We don't think that the hurdlers of St. Columb, where the silver ball is still played at the annual festival, will like these remarks! And the Cornish wrestling fraternity, still famous, may have something to say to Mr. Harris about linking up their pastime with the "brutal" sports!

NOT CODDING!

AN Aberdeen paper recently published a picture of a hefty, comely wench holding aloft an equally hefty fish. It was big enough for fish suppers for the whole crew if cook could produce the chips. The catch was a cod, five feet two inches long, not counting the tail he had been using (and telling) during the last sixty years, for that was his age, according to experts. The fishermen who caught this whopper thought of throwing it back into the sea until they could think up a story as big as he looked.

STOP THIEF.

SOUVENIR hunters who take away pint glasses—now scarce and dear—from Welsh "locals," now need to be on their guard. Secret markings upon them will point the trail to trouble. Many licensees complain that a stolen glass means "Bang goes the profit on several pints!" Tom Dancer, mine host of the British Volunteer, in Cardiff, knew the best trick to trap the pilferers. He had these words frosted on his glasses, "Stolen from Tom Dancer." That put paid to it!

THE BEST.

TALKING of food reminds us that when Lord Woolton—who, according to a small boy, was stabbed by falling over ration books on to points (shame)—well, when he was at a certain Scottish town (Inverness) the local paper reported: "Addressing the diners he (Lord Woolton) said there were now 2,100 British Restaurants operating in Britain. He understood that was the farthest north, and, as far as he could see, it was the best. His Lordship was then entertained to luncheon in the Caledonian Hotel."

MIXED BLOOD.

AT a recent Press conference in Edinburgh, blood transfusion was one of the items up for publicity. One Pressman asked: "If a transfusion of Scots blood is made to an Englishman, will it give him an appreciation of the music of the bagpipes?" The answer, we understand, is now in the "Infirmity," but it is a fact that many Scots patients make a request for Scottish blood when that is available, and, incidentally, there are now 60,000 blood donors in Scotland.

QUIET LADIES.

WOMEN looking after evacuee children and mothering them are as assuredly doing their bit as any soldier. I wish the country could be shown what quiet ladies can do: making, darning, knitting, cooking and teaching.

Mrs. M. Lewis
(The Vicarage, Kerry).

Liberty will not descend to a people; people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.—Professor G. G. Coulton.

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a mandrill?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Last Ride Together," (b) "The Last Chronicle of Barset"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: 4, 8, 10, 12, 20, 32.
4. What is a quid pro quo?
5. Where is Mount Parnassus?
6. What is a scaramouch?
7. What is meant by Gallomania?
8. What is the speed of the Gulf Stream off Florida?
9. Of whom was it said that "a scornful laugh laughed he"?
10. How can you tell the age of a fish?
11. An opisometer is used for measuring—maps, the strength of solutions, shades of colour, the width between the eyes?
12. What is a conch?

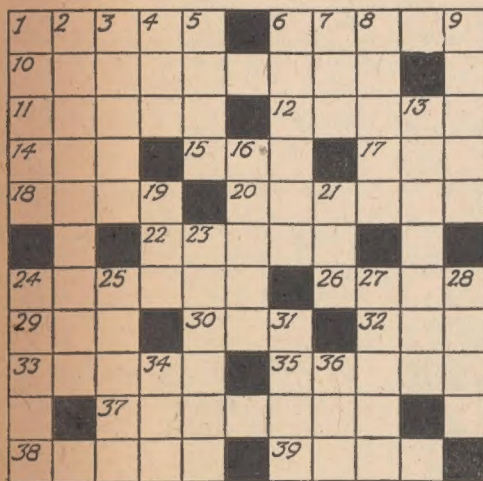
WANGLING
WORDS—89

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after DA, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of CHORUS GARBO, to make an English seaside resort.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ROSE into WALK, HALF into BACK, CUE into TIP, BOAT into RACE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MICROSCOPE?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 88

1. MEPOSOME.
2. LEATHERHEAD.
3. RACE, LACE, LATE, BATE, BASE, CASE, CARE, CARD.
4. WAY, BAY, BAT, BUT, OUT, PESTS, TESTS, TENTS, TENTH, TENCH, TEACH, PEACH, PEACE.
5. KEEP, KELP, HELP, HELD, HELL, TELL, TILL, PILL, PILE, PALE, SALE, SAKE.
6. Mane, Mean, Name, Chat, Chin, Sane, Mace, Came, Nice, Tine, Chit, Each, Inch, Ache, Itch, Meat, Mate, etc.
7. Chain, Niche, Satin, Satan, Chase, Haste, Chest, Steam, Chant, Mains, Teach, Cheat, Shame, Aches, Means, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Remuneration.
- 2 Indicted.
- 3 Dexterous.
- 4 Bronze.
- 5 Spiral movement.
- 6 Censures.
- 7 Aged folk.
- 8 Reptiles.
- 9 Attends to.
- 13 Reward.
- 16 Sour substances.
- 19 Male title.
- 21 Cry of triumph.
- 23 Bred.
- 24 Thin strata.
- 25 Tree.
- 27 Semblance.
- 28 Not too good.
- 31 Prudish.
- 34 Girl's name.
- 36 Unity.

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Useless remains.
- 6 Repair badly.
- 10 Animal in armour.
- 11 Magnificent.
- 12 Saw.
- 13 Head of corn.
- 15 Tropical tuber.
- 17 Failure.
- 18 Perches.
- 20 Stops.
- 22 Sort of stew.
- 24 Entrapped.
- 26 Helps.
- 29 Fish.
- 30 Reptile.
- 32 Low.
- 33 Viper.
- 35 Animals of mixed colour.
- 37 Time of day.
- 38 Old violin.
- 39 Submissive.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

JUT NAUGHT
ENAMEL RAIL
SCRAWL ALTO
TONIC LIT R
V DOMINEER
SET M B DAY
PRECEDED S
A NOR RUSTS
CHUB PACKET
EARL ATTIRE
SEETHE NNW

MURDER AND
DISAPPEARANCE

NEARLY a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity, and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling.

A maid-servant, living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon.

It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing.

Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention.

Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master, and for whom she had conceived a dislike.

He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling, but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience.

And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds, and clubbed him to the earth.

And next moment, with apellike fury, he was trampling his victim underfoot, and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body dumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police.

The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty, and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer.

A purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim, but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning before he was out of bed, and he had no sooner seen it, and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip.

"I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he. "This may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried.

As soon as he came into the cell he nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I recognise him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And the next moment his eye lighted up with professional ambition.

"This will make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps you can help us to the man." And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him he could doubt no longer. Broken and battered as it was, he recognised it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.

"Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him," said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected, and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me in my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours, so that as the cab crawled from street to street Mr. Utterson

Dr. JEKYLL & Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening, and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths.

The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare.

The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers which may at times assail the most honest.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance, "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

- (a) BOTH CUP COCOA.
- (b) ALL TO ERIC.

(Answers on Page 3)

As the cab drew up before the address indicated the fog lifted a little, and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as amber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings.

This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent.

Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months



TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ

We think this IS a teaser. It may be Zebra Stripes, Football Jersey, Air Smoke-screen, Laundry Mark, or even Human Hair magnified. Just think which. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 126: Collecting Coconuts.

since she had seen him till yesterday.

"Very well then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen, of Scotland Yard."

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?" Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many piles and agreeable in colour.

At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; lockfast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned.

From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green cheque-book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted.

A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

"You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson, "I have him in my hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would have left the stick, or, above all, burned the cheque-book. Why, money's life to the man. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank

Solution to Puzzle in No. 126.

CEDAR
SMOKE
TYRES
STONE
RATES
ETHER
STYLE
GILES
PRANK
COMET
STORE
TRUNK
FARES

Answers to Quiz
in No. 126

1. A small fresh-water fish.
2. (a) Lord Byron, (b) Cervantes.
3. Honey is a natural product; the others are manufactured.
4. A Spanish national dance, also a small jacket.
5. Tiber.
6. Silkworm.
7. Bad spelling or writing.
8. A hardy tree native to U.S.A. and Japan.
9. Hero of Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."
10. Anopheles.
11. An extinct, flightless bird (ground-pigeon).
12. A saddle girth.

and get out the handbills."

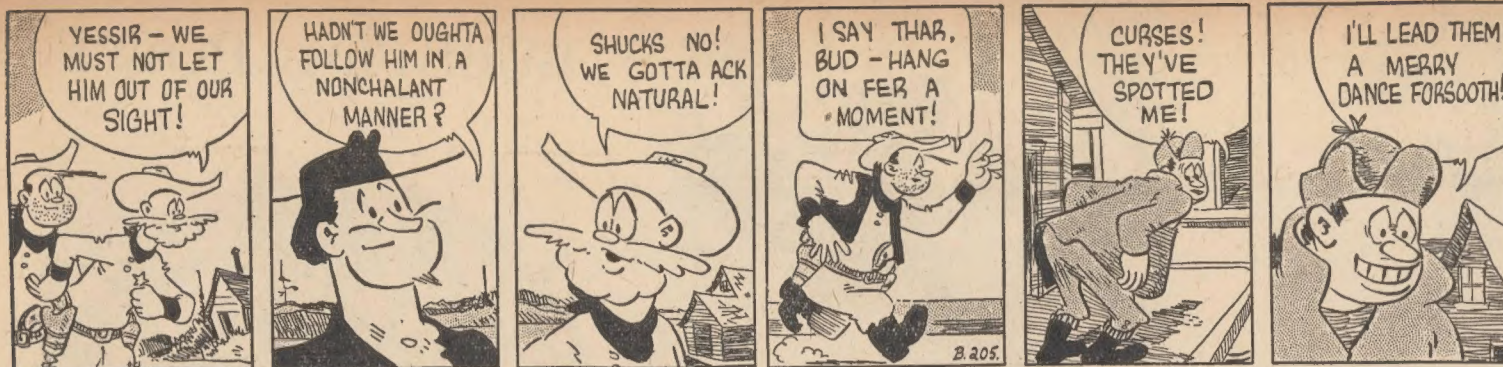
This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment, for Mr. Hyde had numbered few familiars—even the master of the servant-maid had only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on one point were they agreed; and that was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his beholders.

(To be continued)

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



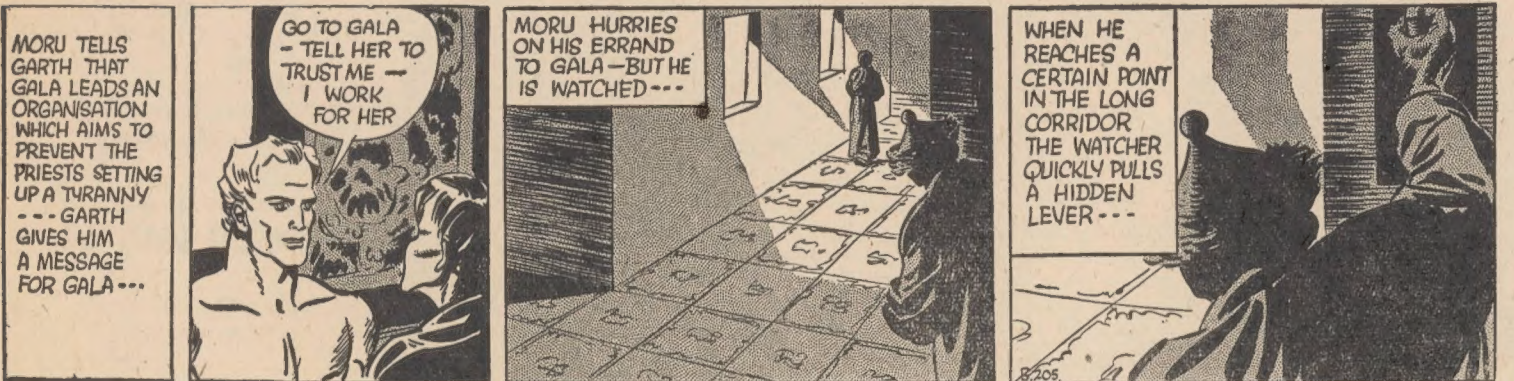
POPEYE



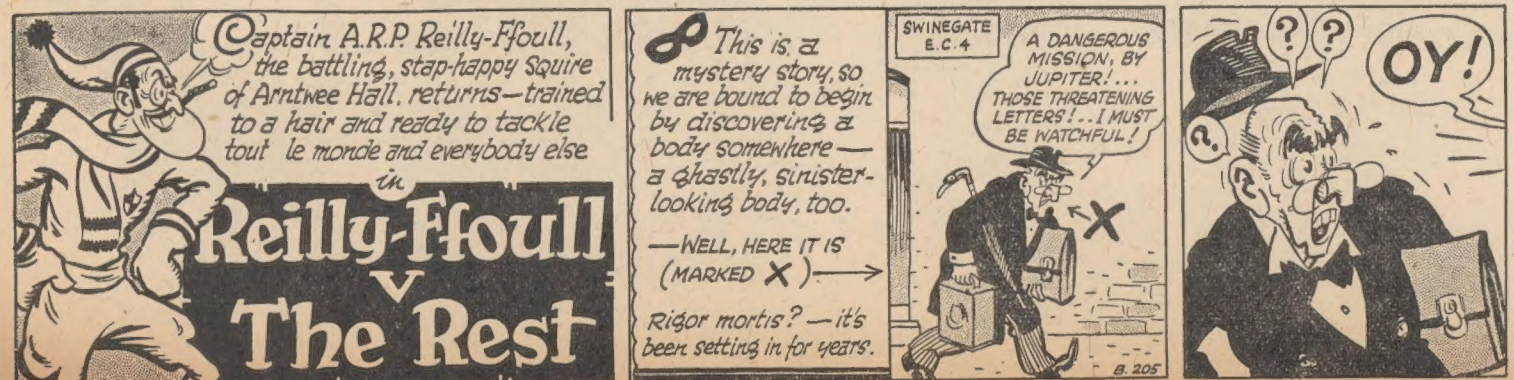
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Soup Maniac

By F. W. THOMAS

LAST week I was sitting in an Underground train, going somewhere or other which doesn't matter, when I had a rude shock. In the far corner was a large woman almost entirely surrounded by children. And somewhere about Baker Street one of these children gave vent to a large scream. He said:—"Mum, oh, mum! Look at young Alfie. He's been and gone and swallowed my camel."

Instantly I was on my feet. All my First Aid came back to me at once; but somehow I couldn't quite remember about camels. What did one do? Place camel swallower in recumbent position, and jerk arms backwards? Tip camel swallower upside down and spank extremities? Or break glass, pull handle, and wait for engine?

Fortunately, none of these things was necessary. Further investigation discovered that the children had been eating those little biscuits made in the shape of animals—elephants and goats and lesser spotted bandicoots; and Alfie had pinched one of Gertie's quadrupeds when she wasn't looking and had eaten it. So I sat down again, and resumed my study of to-morrow's runners and betting.

But the incident reminded me of a man named Pettigrew, and of the dreadful fate that befell him in the balmy years before bananas went out of fashion.

TIP IN SOUP.

Pettigrew was an artist. He used to tour the countryside on a bicycle, chalking the words "Wet Paint" round the bottoms of newly decorated pillar-boxes. And very nicely he did it, too.

But one day he went into an Italian restaurant in Soho, where he had just been attending to a pillar-box, and there he was served with an exotic soup, garnished with little letters of the alphabet, made of vermicelli.

Pettigrew didn't quite know what to make of these, so he carefully fished them out and laid them round the edge of his plate, thus:—

A E E I I F T W P O N G

While waiting for his two-eyed steak, Pettigrew toyed with these letters, shifting them about and rearranging them, until suddenly, before his startled gaze, they spelt out the words:

PIEFACE TO WIN

The name rang a bell in Pettigrew's memory. He dashed at the newspaper, and there, among the "have also arrived," he found Pieface, a blonde filly, 14 hands, 7 stone, and running in the 3.45 at something like 20 to 1.

Well, as you have guessed, Pieface won, and Pettigrew drew his doings, and immediately went on the binge. But it was not the demon alcohol that he imbibed. It was soup.

Straight back to Soho he went, and ordered soup seven times in succession, each time juggling with and sorting out the letters, to see what he could make of them. For five days he did this, eating soup after soup, but nothing came of it except things like

T Y Y R S W X Z Z S A Q

and there was nothing in the runners a bit like that. He also found M M B C D F G K L L L ' & ' and T R S W Q Q A X Z B N H M ? , but they weren't entered either.

Then he had another stroke of luck. After his eleventh gallon of soup he rounded up his letters, and sure enough they spelt:—

MUGWUMP and WOZZLEITE.

Obviously a double; and Pettigrew did them, up and down, and inside out, and backwards, at all sorts of alarming prices; with the result that he won £27 18s. 9d. nett cash.

Henceforward Pettigrew lived only for soup. Sometimes he struck oil, but more often than not he had to consume several firkins of potage before he landed one winner; and the effect on his health was dreadful. He swelled up.

His muscles turned to soup, bags of soup appeared under his eyes, and he carried with him an aura of onions that was noticeable in the next street.

Then came the war, and vermicelli disappeared. No more letters. No more alphabet soup; and Pettigrew began to pine and wilt.

He haunted Soho, begging the chefs to look under the bed for forgotten packets of alphabets. He made little alphabets out of paper, and put them in his beer, in the hope that they would spell something, but they never did.

At last, in Limehouse, he really did find another jorum of alphabet soup, the last lot of letters in the larder, said the management. Eagerly he fished them out of the broth, placed them round the edge of his plate, and began to juggle with them. First he got

Z X C V B N M K J H G F D S A,

but failed to find it in Ruff's Guide. He rearranged them, and made it

A S D F G H J K L Z M X N C B V

which also was not in the runners and betting. His last effort came to

Z A X S C D V F B G N H M J K L,

and with a loud scream he gave it up. Next morning he saw in the papers that the Russians had captured a town of that name.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

(a) TOBACCO & POUCH.

(b) COLLAR & TIE.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Here's Pat Leonard, star of George Black shows, with lucky dog "Micky!" Must be something very interesting to detract even a dog's attention from lovely Pat. Or aren't dogs as sensible as we thought?

BURSTING POINT



"What's Cookin'?" Did you ever see such patient impatience as displayed by these six dogs? Surely "Micky" hasn't got the scent from the other side of the page.

This England

Gathering seaweed off the Cornish Coast. You're right. It is St. Michael's Mount in the background.



REFLECTION!

"H'm, I'm not such a bad-looking guy, after 'all. Almost feel like embracing myself . . . Maybe I'll rejoin the ladies, instead."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Why the hell don't they queue up?"

